

THE
Universal Passion.
SATIRE II.

— *Tanto major Fama sitis est, quàm*
Virtutis. JUV. SAT. 10.



D U B L I N :

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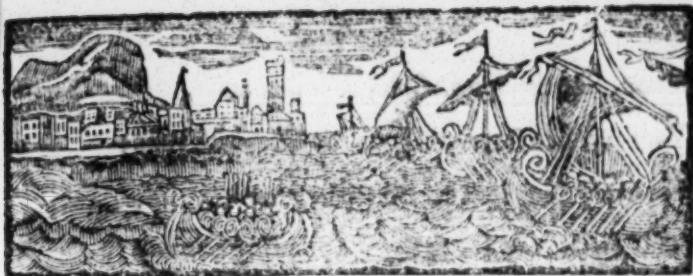
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SATIRE II.



Y Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd
End,

Tho' *Toil*, and *Danger* the bold Task at-
tend ;

Heroes, and *Gods* make other Poems fine,

Plain Satire calls for *Sense* in every Line ;

Then, to what swarms thy Faults I dare expose ?

All Friends to Vice and Folly are thy Foes ;

When such the Foe, a War eternal wage,

'Tis most Ill-nature to *repress* thy Rage ;

And if these Strains some nobler Muse excite,

I'll glory in the Verse I did not write.

So weak are human Kind by Nature made,

Or to such Weakness by their Vice betray'd,

Almighty Vanity ! to thee they owe

Their Zest of Pleasure, and their Balm of Woe.

Thou, like the Sun all Colours dost contain,
 Varying, like Rays of Light, on Drops of Rain;
 For every Soul finds Reason to be proud,
 Tho' his'd, and hooted by the pointing Crowd.

WARM in Pursuit of Foxes, and Renown,
 * *Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* Crown;
 But *Florio's* Fame, the Product of a Shower,
 Grows in his Garden, an illustrious Flower!
 Why teems the Earth? why melt the vernal Skies?
 Why shines the Sun? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.
 From Morn to Night has *Florio* gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.
 What Shape? what Hue? was ever Nymph so Fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
 O solid Bliss! which nothing can destroy
 Except a Cat, Bird, Snail, or idle Boy.
 In Fame's full Bloom lies *Florio* down at Night,
 And weaks next Day a most inglorious Wight.
 The Tulip's dead! see thy fair Sister's Fate,
 O C ———! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
 No more are those Enemies I mention'd all;
 Beware, O Florist, thy Ambition's Fall.

* This refers to the first Satire. † The Name of a Tulip.

A Friend of mine indulg'd this noble Flame,
 A Quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his Name.
 To one lov'd Tulip oft the Master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole Days in Rapture spent;
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated Hour.
 He rag'd! he roar'd! "what *Demon* cropt my Flower?"
 Serene, quoth *Adam*, lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
 Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dst thy Knee.

"BUT all Men want Amusement, and what Crime
 In such a Paradise to fool our Time?"

None; but why proud of this? to Fame they soar;
 We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

WE smile at Florists, we despise their Joy,
 And think their Hearts enamour'd of a Toy;
 But are those wiser whom we must admire,
 Survey with Envy, and pursue with Fire?
 What's she, who sighs for Wealth, or Fame, or Power?
 Another *Florio* doating on a Flower,
 A short-liv'd Flower, and which has often sprung
 From sordid Arts, as *Florio's* out of Dung.

WITH what, O *Codrus*! is thy Fancy smit?
 The Flower of Learning, and the Bloom of Wit.

Thy

Thy gawdy Shelves with crimson Bindings glow,
And *Epictetus* is a perfect Beau.

How fit for thee bound up in Crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the View?
Thy Books are Furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That Science should be purchas'd by the Yard,
And T———n turn'd Upholsterer, send home
The gilded Leather to *fit up* thy Room.

I F not to some peculiar End assign'd,
Study's the specious Trifling of the Mind;
Or is at best a secondary Aim,
A Chance for Sport alone, and not for Game;
If so, sure they who the meer Volume prize,
But love the Thicket where the Quarry lies.
Unlearned Men of Books assume the Care,
As Eunuch are the Guardians of the Fair.

ON buying Books *Lorenzo* long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his Rent,
His Farms were flown; when lo! a Sail comes on,
A choice Collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his House, nay wants whereon to lie;
So high the generous Ardor of the Man
For *Romans, Greeks, and Orientals* ran.

When

When Terms were drawn, and brought him by the Clerk;
Lorenzo sign'd the Bargain—with his *Mark*.

Not in his Author's Liveries alone
 Is *Codrus*' erudite Ambition shown;
 Editions various, at high Prices bought,
 Inform the World what *Codrus* would be thought;
 And to this Cost another must succeed
 To pay a Sage, who *says* that he can read,
 Who Titles knows, and Indexes has seen;
 But leaves to—— what lies between,
 Of pompous Books who shuns the proud Expence,
 And humbly is contented with their Sense.

O—— whose Accomplishments make good
 The Promise of a long-illustrious Blood,
 In *Arts*, and *Manners* eminently grac'd,
 The strictest Honour! and the finest Taste!
 Accept this Verse; if Satire can agree
 With so consummate an Humanity.

By your Example would *Hilario* mend,
 How would it grace the Talents of my Friend,
 Who with the Charms of his own Genius smit,
 Conceives all Virtues are compriz'd in Wit?

But

But Time his fervent Petulance may cool;
 For tho' he is a Wit, he is no Fool.
 In Time he'll learn to use, not waste his Sense,
 Nor make a Frailty of an Excellence.
 His brisk Attack on Blockheads we should prize,
 Were not his Jest as flippan't with the Wise.
 He spares nor Friend, nor Foe; but calls to mind,
 Like Doom's-day, all the Faults of all Mankind.

WHAT tho' Wit tickles? Tickling is unsafe,
 It still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
 Who, for the poor Renown of being smart,
 Would leave a Sting within a Brother's Heart?

PARTS may be prais'd, Good-nature is ador'd;
 Then draw your Wit as seldom as your Sword,
 And never on the Weak, or you'll appear
 As *there* no Hero, no great Genius *here*.
 As in smooth Oil the Razor best is whet,
 So Wit is by Politeness sharpest set,
 Their want of Edge from their Offence is seen;
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
 The Fame Men give is for the Joy they find;
 Dull is the Jester when the Joke's unkind.

SINCE *Marcus*, doubtless thinks himself a Wit,
 To pay my Compliment what Place so fit?

His most facetious * Letters came to hand,
 Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
 If that a *just* Offence to *Marcus* gave,
 Say, *Marcus*, which art thou a Fool, or Knave?
 For all but such with Caution I forbore;
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art and *who*;
 No Mask so good, but *Marcus* must shine through;
 False Names are vain, thy Lines their Author tell,
 Thy best Concealment had been writing *well*;
 But thou a brave Neglect of *Fame* hast shown,
 Of others Fame, great Genius! and thy own.
 Write on unheeded, and this Maxim know;
 The Man who pardons, disappoints his Foe.

IN Malice to proud Wits some proudly lull
 Their froward Reason, *vain* of being dull;
 When some home Joke has stung their solemn Souls,
 In Vengeance they determine — to be Fools;
 Thro' Spleen, that little Nature gave, make less,
 Quite zealous in the Ways of Heaviness;
 To Lumps inanimate a Fondness take,
 And disinherit Sons that are awake.

B

These

* Letters sent to the Author, sign'd *Marcus*.

These, when their utmost Venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—" he's a Wit. "
 Poor *Negroes* thus to shew their burning Spight
 To *Cacodæmons*, say, their dev'lish white.

Lampridius from the Bottom of his Breast
 Sighs o'er one Child, but triumphs in the rest.
 How just is Grief ? one carries in his Head
 A less Proportion of the Father's Lead,
 And is in Danger, without special Grace,
 To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
 The *Dunghil-breed* of Men a *Diamond* scorn,
 And feel a Passion for a *Grain of Corn*,
 Some stupid, plodding, Mony-loving Wight,
 Who wins their Hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with *much* Pains exerting all his Sense,
 Can range aright his Shillings, Pounds and Pence.
 The booby-Father craves a booby Son,
 And by Heav'n's Blessing thinks himself undone.

WANTS of all Kinds are made to Fame a Plea,
 One learns to lisp, another *not* to see;
 Mills *D*— tottering catches at your Hand.
 Was ever Thing so pretty born to stand ?

Whilst

Whilst these what Nature gave difown thro' Pride,
 Others affect what Nature has deny'd;
 What Nature has deny'd Fools will pursue,
 As Apes are ever walking upon two.

Craffus a grateful Sage, our Aw and Sport!
 Supports grave Forms, for Forms the Sage support.
 He hems and cries with an important Air,
 " If yonder Clouds withdraw it will be fair ; "
 Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,
 And adds, " the Learn'd delight in something new, "
 Is't not enough the Blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he wisely look, and gravely plead ?
 As far a Formalist from Wisdom sits
 In judging Eyes, as Libertines from Wits.

YET subtle Wights (so blind are mortal Men,
 Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest Pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn Face
 To put off Nonsense with a better Grace ;
 As Pedlars with some Hero's Head make bold,
 Illustrious Mark ! where Pins are to be sold.

WHAT's the bent Brow or Neck in Thought reclin'd ?
 The Body's Wisdom to conceal the Mind.

A Man of Sense can Artifice disdain,
 As Men of Wealth may venture to go plain;
 And be this Truth eternal ne'er forgot,
 Solemnity's a Cover for a Sot;
 I find the Fool, when I behold the Screen;
 For 'tis the wise Man's Interest to be seen.

HENCE, —, that Openness of Heart,
 And just Disdain for that poor Mimic, Art;
 Hence (manly Praise!) that Manner nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I explain in thee.

WITH generous Scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of Court, and Town the Noon-Tide Masquerade,
 Where Swarms of Knaves the Vizard quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a naked Face;
 Where Nature's End of Language is declin'd,
 And Men talk only to conceal the Mind;
 Where generous Hearts the greatest Hazard run,
 And he who trusts a Brother is undone?

These all their Care expend on outward Show
 For Wealth, and Fame; for Fame alone the *Beau*.
 Of late at *White's* was young *Florello* seen.
 How blank his Look? how discompos'd his Mien?

So hard it proves in Grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his Spirits; for his Coat was plain.

NEXT Day his Breast regain'd its wonted Peace,
His Health was mended with a silver Lace.

A curious Artift long inur'd to Toils
Of gentler Sort, with Combs, and fragrant Oils,
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,
So toucht his Curls his mighty Soul was fir'd.

The well-swoln Ties an equal Homage claim,
And either Shoulder has it's Share of Fame;
His sumptuous Watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good Conscience, solid Joy supplies.

He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
St——pe in Wit, in Breeding D——l——ne,

Whene'er by seeming Chance he throws his eye
On Mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* Dye,

With how sublime a Transport leaps his Heart?

But Fate ordains that dearest Friends must part.

In active Measures brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned Heels.

So have I seen on some bright Summer's Day
A Calf of Genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the Bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
Fond of the pretty Fellow in the Stream.

Morfe

Morose is sunk with Shame, whene'er surpriz'd
 In Linen clean, or Peruke undisguis'd.
 No sublunary Chance his Vestments fear,
 Valu'd, like Leopards as their Spots appear.
 A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which once was blue,
 And his Foot swims in a capacious Shoe.
 One Day his Wife (for who can Wives reclaim ?)
 Levell'd her barbarous Needle at his Fame;
 But open Force was vain, by Night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling Rent;
 Where yawn'd the Frize is now become a Doubt,
*And Glory at one Entrance quite shut out.**

HE scorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him,
 This hates the *filthy* Creature, that the *prim*;
 Thus in each other both these Fools despise
 Their own dear selves with undiscerning Eyes;
 Their Methods various, but alike their Aim:
 The Sloven, and the Fopling are the same.

YE Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
 When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
 Then both club Nonsense, and impetuous Pride,
 And Folly joins whom Sentiments divide.

* *Milton.*

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 A Fool

You vent your Spleen as Monkeys when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic-Monkey in the Glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both Sides shall stand for Fools alone.

“ BUT who art thou? “ methinks *Florello* cries.

“ Of all thy Species art thou only wise? ”

SINCE smallest Things can give our Sins a Twitch,
As crossing Straws retard a passing Witch,
Florello, thou my Monitor shalt be;
I'll conjure thus some Profit out of thee.

O thou my self! abroad our Counsels roam,
And, like ill Husbands, take no Care at home.
Thou too art wounded with the common Dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy Heart;
And what wise Means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame, and Fortune, both are made of Prose.
Is thy Ambition sweating for a Rhime,
Thou unambitious Fool, at this late Time?
While I a Moment name, a Moment's past,
I'm nearer Death in this Verse than the last;
What then is to be done? be wise with speed,
A Fool at forty is a Fool indeed.

You

AND

AND what so foolish as the Chace of Fame?
 How vain the Prize? how impotent our Aim?
 For what are Men, who grasp at Praise sublime,
 But Bubbles on this rapid Stream of Time,
 That raise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an Hour?

THIS humble Verse, O——! may it be
 A Monument of Gratitude to thee,
 Whose early Favour I must own with Shame,
 So long my Patron, and so late my Theme.

F I N I S.



